

J. M. J.

O. L. A. Manteno, Ill.
April 9, 1942.

Dear Reverend Father:

This must of necessity be short and so it shall be. I write to save time and that the written word may be a substantial reminder to petition God for my great need and here it is: -

I am definitely convinced I do not love God enough. I love Him, yes, because He said so, and He is Truth Itself, but my love is weak, it wants constancy and depth. I want to love Him for His glory, His love, His will and to please Him alone. I read or heard read recently that one thing we can ask God and be assured of getting and that is Love if we really desire it. There is too much of self in my life, I want to forget self and think of Him - be wholly absorbed in Him, but I haven't enough real love to overcome self. There is something wrong and it must be this lack of Real Love, of that I am quite convinced. I asked God to request our Sister Mary Mediatrix that she pray for me that I may love Him and live for His glory, His Love, and His will and divine good pleasure in all things. To love ALL THINGS are possible. After making this request I felt His nearness as never before - perhaps it was His assent to grant my desire.

This is my present prayer - short and sweet and to the point -
"My God, I love Thee. Lovest Thou me? Increase Thy love in my heart." (3 times)

(My desire is that He increase His love in my heart, that I may have wherewith to love Him - but He understand all that, I don't have to say it.)

Will you please present my petition to Him, that I may ~~have~~ "glory in naught save the cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ" - I feel the need of a Real deep love to meet and accept and embrace with loving gratitude what the future holds. I promised God this during Holy Week and especially Good Friday that I would love and embrace and thank Him for everything, everything He ordains or permits - I felt He wanted that and I do, too, but it takes REAL LOVE - and in this I am wanting. Present to Him for me please this my desire for a Real, Deep Love, an all-embracing grateful love.

Easter Sunday seemed like Good Friday to me, I was so immersed in my miseries, I could only look up to Him from the depths empty-handed, with nothing, nothing to offer Him, I felt bereft of all love except self-love (Overflowing). From the abyss of my misery I offered Him my will to love while I kissed my Crucifix and thanked Him for accepting my Good Friday offering and letting my glory be in the Cross which was my choice. There must be something wrong though - it doesn't seem right that one does not experience joy when that is the spirit of Easter. Or this just a different joy I don't quite understand or know.

I said this would be short - it's a woman's brevity. May God love you with the fulness of His Great Loving Heart.

J. M. J.

Saint Alphonsus Hospital

Boise Idaho April 14th. 42

Rev. Aloysius Callacuria C.M.F.

Rev. Dear Father.

Many thanks for Your kind Easter greeting especially for Your prayers in my behalf. You and little Sister shared in all my prayers during Lent and on Holy Easter day nor are ⁴ You forgotten on any day.

I am sending some badages, my Rosary beads and seven Dolor beads, and a rosary for my sister Bessie please Indulgence and bless them for me. I have been giving the Badages to army boys and others who need them, now I am again imposing on Your generosity to have the same wonderful privileges bestowed on those enclosed in separate package, to each one I give one. I ask that they say the aspiration You told me to say. Thanking You for all Your kindness to me
As ever Your friend in J. M. J.
Sister Mildreda

J. M. J.

O. L. A. Manteno, Ill.
April 16, 1942.

Dear Reverend Father:

Briefly, - and this for your consolation. On last Friday when you were here - and after you had heard confessions, As you entered the sanctuary for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament something happened to me. God help me that I may be clear in this manifestation! I was lifted out of myself as it were, losing my self-center for the time and I felt the Spirit of God praying within me. It was a real outpouring of grateful love to God for His infinite goodness and love and condescension, and ardent prayer for you. I have never known myself to pray for anyone with so much ardor, - but I repeat I had no part in it, outside mere acquiescence. There was neither fore-thought nor fore-knowledge on my part, and I felt as never before, that it was not I who prayed, but God within me. It was like the outpouring of the effulgence of Divine Love. God does not forget His own and feeble are the instruments He uses to prove His love.

Respectfully submitted,

S. Mary